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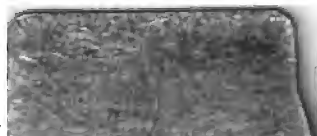
Short sketch of Charleston, S.C.

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SHORT SKETCH OF
CHARLESTON
S.C.

HOW IT FARED IN
TWO WARS AND
AN EARTHQUAKE.

ISSUED BY THE
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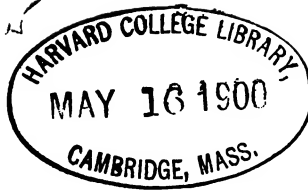
SHORT SKETCH
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CHARLESTON, S. C.

HOW IT FARED IN TWO WARS
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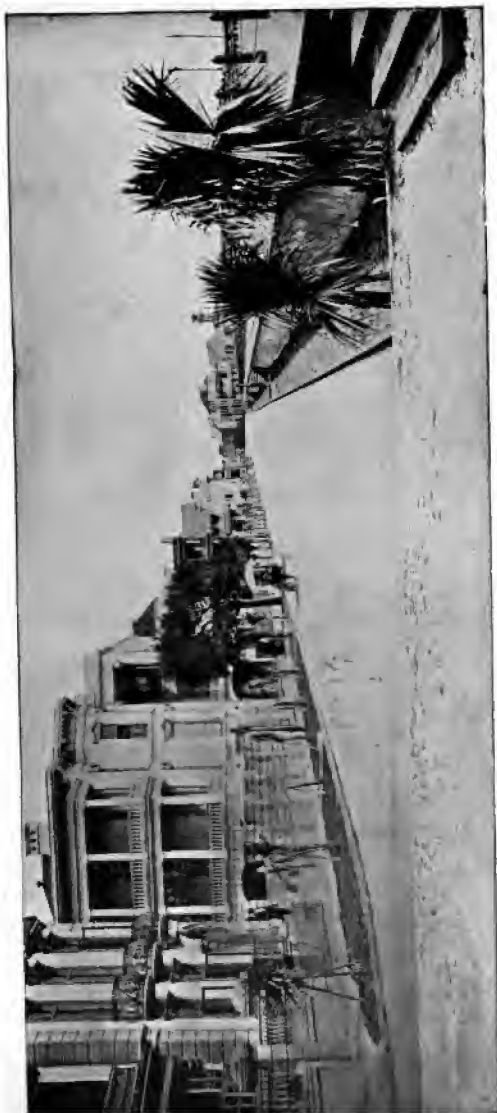
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SHORT SKETCH
OF
CHARLESTON, S. C.



THE BATTERY, CHARLESTON, S. C.

CHARLESTON.

IT is related of a young man who was about setting out on his first trip to Europe, that he was so elated as to be hardly able to think or speak of anything else, insomuch that after purchasing certain articles for his journey, he turned away without waiting for his money to be changed. The tradesman called after him: "Sir, you have forgotten your change."

"Well, never mind," replied the youngster, dreamily, "you can hand it to me in London."

"But," rejoined the dealer, "I am not going to London."

"Not going to London!" exclaimed the bewildered youth, "then where on earth are you going?"

So of those visiting our Southern States, it is hard to understand "where on earth are you going" if not to Charleston?

On this side of the Atlantic one can hardly find a city offering more to interest than Charleston, whether considered historically, socially or physically.

HISTORY.

It is old as cities go in America, its settlement in its present location dating back to 1677, but it was not incorporated under the name of Charleston until 1783. Previously to that it had been called Charles Town, named in honor of the very virtuous king of Great Britain, Charles II., who, by charter in 1663, "was graciously pleased to grant" to certain "Lords Proprietors" a vast region, larger than his own "tight little island," comprising both the Carolinas and a great deal more besides, of whose real extent either he or they knew very little. The trifling circumstance that the land was



CAMP IN CITY HALL SQUARE (AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE).

not his to give was of small consequence. Charles was "hard up," if it be proper to apply that expression to royalty, and there, as elsewhere in America, it was expected of the colonists to quiet both the question of title and the real owners at the same time, if need be.

The names or titles of these Lords Proprietors are preserved in the two Carolinas in the names of counties, rivers, etc., as, for instance, the rivers Ashley and Cooper; the counties of Berkeley and Colleton in South Carolina; the towns and counties of Beaufort in both States; Albemarle Sound and the counties of Carteret, Craven and Granville, in North Carolina, and others.

Their names remain, but their authority was of short duration, the government of the Province of Carolina having been transferred to the Crown in 1719—so far as it concerned Charleston and South Carolina.

In 1685 and thereafter came the Huguenots from France, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Not cordially welcomed at first, they soon became, as their descendants have continued to be, one of the best elements of population here as elsewhere.

And so the little city grew amid trials and drawbacks of Indian and foreign wars, but steadily prospering until the days of the

REVOLUTION,

in which it was very conspicuous and sorely tried. There was a "tea party" here, as elsewhere in the colonies, in 1773. The sale of the taxed article by its consignees was strictly forbidden, and the cargoes that were landed were stored in damp cellars, where the tea soon spoiled. On the 3d of November, 1774, other cargoes were thrown overboard in daylight without attempt at disguise. But it was not until 1776 that the storm of the Revolution burst in full fury upon Charleston. Bravely was it met, and for a time, at least, the

tide of war was turned aside. In June of that year, attacks both by sea and land were planned for the capture of the city, but both were foiled. On the 28th, Admiral Sir Peter Parker, with a large fleet, heavily armed and manned, attempted to reduce one of the harbor defences, a work on Sullivan's Island then known as Fort Sullivan, but afterwards, in honor of him who commanded in its gallant defence, called

FORT MOULTRIE.

The admiral was beaten off with severe loss. One of his ships—he had eight in action—was destroyed, others were badly crippled, and all by a greatly inferior force in an unfinished fort, with an armament lighter in weight and less in number.

It was in this action that Sergeant Jasper, one of the garrison, sprang from the outer wall of the fort to regain the flag, which had been cut away by a cannon shot, and replanted it upon the parapet under a very heavy fire, exclaiming as he did so: “Don't let's fight without a flag!”

The brave fellow was afterwards killed at the siege of Savannah, in October, 1779, and a handsome monument on the battery in Charleston, called the “Jasper Monument,” commemorates his gallantry and devotion, and that of his comrades who acquitted themselves so well in those days of '76. The following lines and many others of similar import were much sung in Charleston, in the olden time, to the tune of “Yankee Doodle:”

“The first of June the British fleet
Appeared off Charleston Harbor,
The Twenty-eighth attacked the fort,
And wounded Young, the barber.

“Sir Peter Parker, foolish man
To run himself in danger;
Don't you think we served him right
To treat him like a stranger?”



The present fort stands on the site of the old one, and in its day has passed through a fiercer ordeal and become even more famous. It is in full view from the city, and but a short distance away across the beautiful bay.


While things were being made so uncomfortable for the Admiral, Sir Henry Clinton's troops attempted to cross to Sullivan's Island from the south end of Long Island, to attack the fort in the rear. But they were met at the inlet by Colonel Thompson's command, and were treated much as the sailors had been; and so the expedition was abandoned, and for three years the city and State had peace.

THE FIRST SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

But Charleston had not seen the last of Sir Henry. He came back with an army in February, 1780, and advancing this time by way of John's and James Islands, crossed the Ashley River above the city and laid siege to it from the rear on the main land. About the same time, the fleet, mindful of its former drubbing, ran past Fort Moultrie, under a heavy fire, without attempting to engage it, and, in conjunction with batteries erected on James Island, threatened the city from the south and west.

A shot from one of these batteries, that stood near the conspicuous point called the "Hundred Pines," left a mark in Charleston which may still be seen. At the intersection of Broad and Meeting streets there was then placed a statue of William Pitt, raised by the grateful colonists in recognition of that statesman's fearless espousal of their cause in the British Parliament, in resisting the Stamp Act and other oppressive measures.

A cannon shot from James Island, unmindful of the distinguished statesman at home, and of the fact that he was then upholding his government manfully in the pending struggle, struck the statue,



carrying away its arm, and otherwise mutilating it. It now stands in Washington Square, hard by its former location, with its beauty still sadly marred by what was a home bullet if not a "home thrust."

General Lincoln, who commanded the American forces, should not have attempted to stand a siege in the city, but should have saved his little army—sadly needed elsewhere—while yet there was time. He was in a *cul-de-sac*, without hope of relief, was largely outnumbered, and his capitulation was only a question of time.

This, after a brave resistance, came on the 12th of May, 1780, and Charleston remained in possession of the British until December, 1782. It is a satisfaction to know that my Lord Cornwallis, who, shortly after the fall of Charleston, succeeded to the command of the British forces in South Carolina, little more than a year thereafter, to wit, in October, 1781, was compelled by Washington to accept at Yorktown exactly the same terms of surrender that had been accorded to Lincoln at Charleston, and was, moreover, required to make his surrender to Lincoln himself. No wonder his bands played while marching out of Yorktown:

"The world is turning upside down."

What is said to be a relic of General Lincoln's works for the defence of Charleston, may still be seen on Marion Square in front of the citadel Academy. It is built of masonry, fenced in with an iron railing, and is said to have been a part of a horn-work near the centre of the defences.

Shortly before the surrender of the city, its principal magazine, in a brick building still standing on Cumberland near Church Street, was endangered by the British shells. The powder was removed to a room under the then Exchange, the present Post-Office, and bricked up. There it remained undiscovered during the entire British occupation of the city (though their provost's office was in



HIBERNIA HALL, ON MEETING ST. (AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE).

the same building), and was found by the Americans untouched on their return in December, 1782.

Of interest in this connection is the fact that in the churchyard of St. Mary's Church, on Hasel Street, are buried the Demoiselles de Grasse, two daughters of the French admiral, Comte de Grasse, —he who lent such efficient aid to Washington at Yorktown. They came to Charleston to escape the horrors of San Domingo, and died of yellow fever, while yet very young. A marble slab with appropriate inscription marks their grave. In the inscription it is mentioned that Admiral de Grasse was a member of the American Society of "The Cincinnati."

AFTER THE REVOLUTION.

The war over, prosperity gradually returned. The city grew apace, and the period of the war of 1812 passed without special incident. The days of nullification, 1831-3, went by, happily, without serious mishap. In 1850 Charleston buried, with every mark of sorrow and the greatest veneration,

HON. JOHN C. CALHOUN,

Senator, Vice-President, and South Carolina's greatest statesman. His remains lie in the cemetery of St. Philip's Church, on Church Street, and it is only within the past few years that his resting-place has been marked by the handsome monument erected by the State. A cenotaph more befitting his name and fame is now in course of erection, under the auspices of a private memorial association, on Marion Square, which, when completed, will be an ornament to the city, and worthy the greatness of him it commemorates, and of the love his people bear him.

It is said that Mr. Calhoun's body was privately exhumed at the time of the attack on Fort Sumter by the Federal fleet in April,

1863, to be removed from the city in case of its surrender. When the fleet retired the body was buried again, and the grave has not been disturbed since except to substitute the present monument for the old slab.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH,

or rather the parish of St. Philip's, is the oldest in Charleston. The first church was built in 1681, on the corner of Broad and Meeting streets, the present site of St. Michael's. Later the location was changed to where it now stands, and in 1838 the present handsome building was erected. Formerly there was a fine chime of bells in its steeple, but they were given during the late war to be cast into cannon, and have never been replaced.

More fortunate as to its bells was

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH,

whose interesting story will presently be told. About the middle of the last century the whole of Charles Town was divided by Act of Assembly into two parishes; that part of the town north of Broad Street to be known as St. Philip's, and all south of that street as St. Michael's.

The present church of St. Michael's was built in 1752-61, the design, it is said, being virtually the same as that of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London (which latter is believed to be a creation of Sir Christopher Wren)—and a quaint old edifice it is from a modern standpoint of ecclesiology, though its proportions—those of the steeple especially—are very fine. From the lookout in the steeple the views of Charleston and the region adjacent are extensive and very interesting. At your feet lies the city; to the north spreads out the peninsula upon whose southern extremity it is built, and on the east are the Cooper River, with its tributary the Wando, and the village of Mt. Pleasant. At the southeast lie Sullivan's

Island, Moultrieville, with its myriad of summer cottages, and Fort Moultrie. Fort Sumter stands in the mouth of the harbor, only three miles distant, keeping watch as of old, grim and silent now, with a beacon light to aid the incoming ships, but no hostile cannon to forbid their entrance.

Near-by is Cumming's Point, the site of Battery Gregg, on the northern end of Morris Island, and nearer to you is Fort Johnson on James Island—names historic, all—while beyond all lies the "mighty deep," blue and limitless.

Charleston alone can properly be called the "City by the Sea." No other lies so near, or in such full sight of the ocean—none has more beautiful water views.

Looking south one sees James Island and the broad Ashley River near its junction at White Point with the Cooper, while on the west are the Ashley again, the main land of St. Andrews, and Wappoo Cut, which connects the Ashley with the Stono River, and furnishes inland navigation to the Sea Islands, Beaufort, Port Royal and Savannah.

The steeple of St. Michael's is a conspicuous landmark, and can be seen at sea from a long distance. On account of the extensive view it commands it was occupied as a Confederate signal station during the siege of Charleston, from whence the movements of the Federal fleet and forces were promptly reported, and an accurate account kept of the shells thrown into the city. It was a prominent target for the "Swamp Angel" and other Federal batteries, but the artillerists failed in every effort to strike it. The body of the church was struck several times, but the damage done was not very great.

The sexton in his manner of describing the church, and his unrelenting war upon his aspirates, leads one to believe that he is an importation from Westminster. He says in stereotyped style:

"A shell passed in where is now the h-east window—there was no h-east window there then—and h-exploded in the chancel near the h-altar. Another burst h-under the h-organ loft. 'Ow could they so desecrate these 'oly places!"

St. Michael's chime of bells was brought from England in 1764. They were seized by the British as spoil of war and sent to England, when they evacuated the city in 1782. The next year they were repurchased and returned to Charleston. In 1861 they were sent for safety to Columbia, remaining there until that city was taken possession of by General Sherman, in February, 1865. In the fire that ensued upon his occupation of Columbia the bells were ruined and two of them were lost. But after the war the fragments were gathered up and sent to England to the successors of those who had cast them a century before. The firm fortunately had the original patterns from which the chime had been made, and so the bells were recast, almost identical with the first, and having safely made their *fifth* voyage across the Atlantic, were restored amid great rejoicing, to the steeple of St. Michael's, where, let us hope, they may be allowed at last to rest, calling the people to prayer and peace, never more to be disturbed by war's dread alarms. Did ever bells have a more eventful history?

CHARLESTON IN THE LATE WAR.

Standing at the junction of East and South Batteries, the beautiful promenade and park of Charleston, one can see at a glance most of the points in the harbor that were conspicuous in the attack and defence of the city during the late war.

The name "Battery" given to this charming pleasure-ground, our point of observation, is historic, for here a century and a half ago stood "Broughton's Battery," for defence against Frenchman and Spaniard.

Near-by, in the Cooper River, is

CASTLE PINCKNEY,

principally remarkable for the absence of any castle, as the word is usually understood. It was occupied by the Confederate forces as one of the harbor defences as early as December, 1860, shortly after the evacuation of Moultrie by Major Anderson, and remained in their possession until they abandoned the city in 1865, but it never came into action during the siege. It is now used by the National Government as a depot for supplies, principally for the lighthouse department. Here probably the first blood of the late war was shed, one of the garrison having been killed by the accidental discharge of a musket soon after the occupation of the place.

On Sullivan's Island, farther away, Fort Moultrie may be seen. Its revolutionary history has been given already, but it bore a prominent part also in the troubles of our own times, and here really was committed the first *hostile* act of the war between the States.

On the night of December 26, 1860, just six days after the passage of the ordinance of secession by the State convention, Major Anderson, commanding at Moultrie, having first spiked his cannon and burned their carriages, evacuated that fort and threw his garrison into Sumter. This was considered a breach of faith, a violation of the *status quo* and an act of war, and the other points of defence in the harbor were promptly seized by the State forces, and at Moultrie, not Sumter, was the first overt act of war. Moultrie took an active part in the reduction of Sumter by the Confederates, getting a "Roland for its Oliver," and was equally active in the defence of that fort during the several attacks upon it and its long bombardment by the Federal forces. Its guns were seldom quiet long at a time during the last two years of the war. But though often under heavy fire, Moultrie was never made the object of especial or persistent attack, and it escaped in great degree the trials that befel Sumter and Wagner.

Outside its walls may be seen the grave of the famous half-breed Seminole chief

OSCEOLA,

who, in 1837, was treacherously captured by the United States troops, in Florida, while under flag of truce, and was held a prisoner here until he died.

Near-by is another grave, and of later date—that of the officers and crew of the monitor *Patapsco*, which was sunk by a Confederate torpedo, carrying down nearly all on board.

To the right of Moultrie, rising directly from the water, stands

FORT SUMTER.

“CLARUM ET VENERABILE NOMEN.”

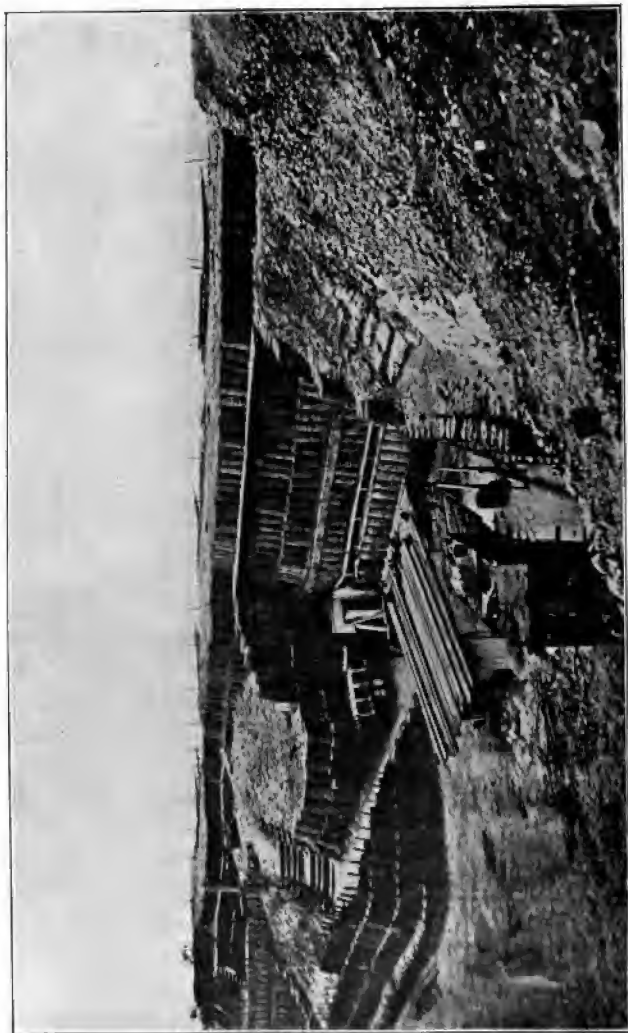
It is about three miles from the Battery in a southeasterly direction, and is in full view from any point of prominence in the city. It was a peculiarity of many of the engagements around Charleston that they were in sight from its wharves and buildings.

When Major Anderson occupied Sumter, after his abandonment of Moultrie on December 26, 1860, steps were at once taken by the State authorities to strengthen the existing works and to throw up others, as well for the defence of the harbor as for the reduction of the former fort.

About daylight on the morning of April 12, 1861, General Beauregard opened fire on Sumter. An officer who watched the flight of the first shell, told the writer that it seemed to hang hesitatingly for an instant over the fort before it burst, as if loath to sound the tocsin of war, and with its explosion there occurred to him involuntarily Homer's description of Achilles' wrath:

“The direful spring of woes unnumbered.”

How fully was his forecast verified!



FORT SUNTER. AFTER BOMBARDMENT.

From Confederate works on James, Morris and Sullivan's Islands, and from a floating battery in the harbor, fire on the fort was kept up for nearly two days—hot shot from Moultrie firing its barracks and endangering the magazine. Sumter replied briskly, but was overmatched, and on the 13th was compelled to surrender. A Federal fleet outside the harbor, that had made no attempt to aid them, received Major Anderson and his garrison on board and sailed away—the Confederates occupied the fort, and the war between the States was begun. Major Anderson carried with him the United States' flag under which he had fought, and four years later, when the Confederate forces had abandoned the fort, the same flag was again raised over Sumter. No lives were lost on either side during the action—a most remarkable fact, considering the heavy fire by both—but in saluting their flag when it was hauled down, there were casualties to two members of the garrison from the bursting of a gun.

CONFEDERATE DEFENCE OF SUMTER.

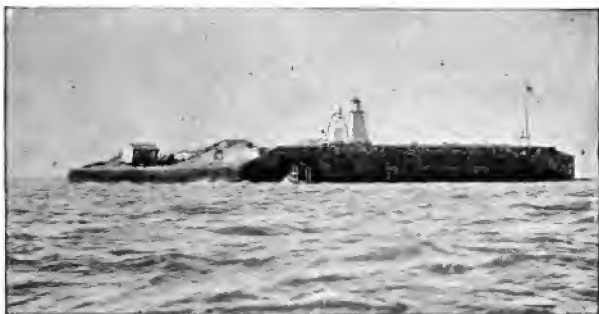
After their capture of the fort, the Confederates at once busied themselves to repair damages, to improve the armament, and generally to place the work in better posture for defence. For two years it was not molested, but upon the 7th of April, 1863, it underwent a fiery ordeal, and was made to test the efficacy of masonry to resist an attack of ironclads. Upon that day the powerful Federal fleet under Admiral Dupont, consisting of the ironclad *New Ironsides*, and the monitors *Catskill*, *Keokuk*, *Montauk*, *Nahant*, *Nantucket*, *Passaic*, *Patapsco*, and *Wachaween* advanced to the attack of Fort Sumter. The fort greeted their coming by a salute to its own flag. Boldly the fleet came on, and soon the battle of the giants was joined. Sumter was ably seconded by Fort Moultrie and batteries on Sullivan's and Morris Islands, and without their very effective assistance the demolition of its walls might have sooner begun.

The fleet made no attempt to run past the fort, as was done at Mobile, New Orleans and Vicksburg, but kept up the fight with spirit until compelled to retire beaten and much damaged. One of the monitors, the *Keokuk*, could hardly be kept afloat, and the next day she sunk at her moorings and was lost. On board her the Confederates found a copy of the Federal Signal Code, the key to which was learned from a prisoner, and it stood them in good stead afterwards in the operations on Morris Island. In the engagement the fleet fired, perhaps, a hundred shots, of which nearly one-half took effect on Sumter—nor was Moultrie forgotten. As in the first fight, not one of the garrison was killed, but much injury was done to the walls of the fort. This splendid action could easily be seen from the Battery and other points in the city.

For about three months Sumter had comparative quiet—rudely interrupted by the Federals' descent on Morris Island in July, 1863, and to be enjoyed no more while the war lasted. A detailed account of this descent upon Morris Island will be found elsewhere under the head of "Fort Wagner."

During the Federal operations on Morris Island for the reduction of Wagner in July-September, 1863, the fire from Sumter was found to be most effective, both in repelling assaults and in checking the slow advances by sap upon the former stronghold. This would have been cause sufficient, but for many other reasons Sumter's destruction was decreed, and General Gillmore, with every facility for its accomplishment, bent himself to the task.

Early in August, earthworks mounting the most powerful artillery then known to warfare, were thrown up on Morris Island, in the line of the approaches to Wagner, varying in distance from Sumter, from two to two and a half miles. About the middle of the month these batteries opened, delivering their fire upon Sumter directly over Wagner and Gregg. The weight of this fire may



FORT SUMTER, CHARLESTON HARBOR.

be inferred from the fact that in less than ten days more than 5,000 missiles—many of them rifled 300-pounders—weighing in the aggregate nearly 300 tons, were hurled at Sumter alone. Before its walls of brick and stone went down like chaff, and by September 1st, 1863, Sumter may be said to have ceased to be a factor of aggression in the defences of Charleston. Its guns that were not destroyed were moved to other points in the harbor, its artillery garrison was replaced by infantry, and it could hardly be called a menace to an iron-clad ship of war; but there was no thought of abandoning the post. As the siege went on, sand-bags took the place of stone-walls, the work of repair kept pace with that of demolition, and an earthwork in all the parts exposed to fire from Morris Island replaced the masonry, whose very débris was utilized in defence.

Nor did the fire of the Federals cease with those September days. It was kept up at intervals until the end, and at much shorter range, when Battery Gregg fell into their hands, knocking casemate and parapet into smithereens. But though the fort could not reply, it would not yield, and it continued to show a bold front, as two storming parties—attempting assaults from boats at different times—found to their cost. They were repelled with loss on both occasions by the infantry garrison, assisted by the guns of other works in the harbor, one of the attacking parties leaving many prisoners behind.

There were naturally many casualties from a fire so fierce and long-sustained, but the flag was saluted by a single gun as it was raised and lowered morning and evening, and it continued to wave over the fort until February, 1865. On the 17th of that month the advance of General Sherman, through the central part of the State, and not the attacking force in front, compelled the evacuation of Charleston. That night the troops were withdrawn from Sumter

and other points in the harbor, and the works they had defended so long and well stood vacant.

The next day a small boat, sent by the mayor of the city, brought word to Admiral Dahlgren that the place was abandoned. *Charleston and Sumter were won!*

It is worthy of note, as illustrating the relative capacity of sand and masonry to resist the fire of modern artillery, that the guns which easily demolished the stone-walls of Sumter more than two miles distant, did but little damage to Wagner, an earthwork, less than a mile away, though upon the latter their fire was heavier and more concentrated, and was supplemented by a fire equally heavy from the fleet.

No attempt will be made to describe the scenes attending the

EVACUATION OF THE CITY.

It may, however, interest passengers by the Atlantic Coast Line to know that at its station in the city, there occurred in the midst of the crowd, hurry, plunder and confusion of the evacuation, a fearful explosion of ordnance stores, from which, and from the destructive fire it caused, resulted great loss of life and property. The bodies of many of the victims were never recovered.

FORT JOHNSON.

On James Island, northwest of Sumter, is Fort Johnson, now used as a quarantine station. It is an old post antedating the Revolution. In this fort the stamped paper was stored by the British authorities in 1765. Hearing of it, a force from Charles Town crossed to the island, took possession of the fort, overpowered the

garrison, and compelled the officer in command of a sloop of war lying in the stream to receive the hated paper on board, and to leave the harbor. In November, 1775, the fort engaged two British ships of war, but seems not to have been conspicuous in the Revolution after that date. It bore a brave part in the first attack upon Fort Sumter, and from a mortar battery in Fort Johnson the first shell—the signal for a general bombardment and a great civil war—was thrown into Sumter on the memorable 12th of April, 1861. Johnson took part also in the Confederate defence of Sumter and of other points in the harbor, and was very active in aiding in resisting the assaults upon and approaches to Fort Wagner.

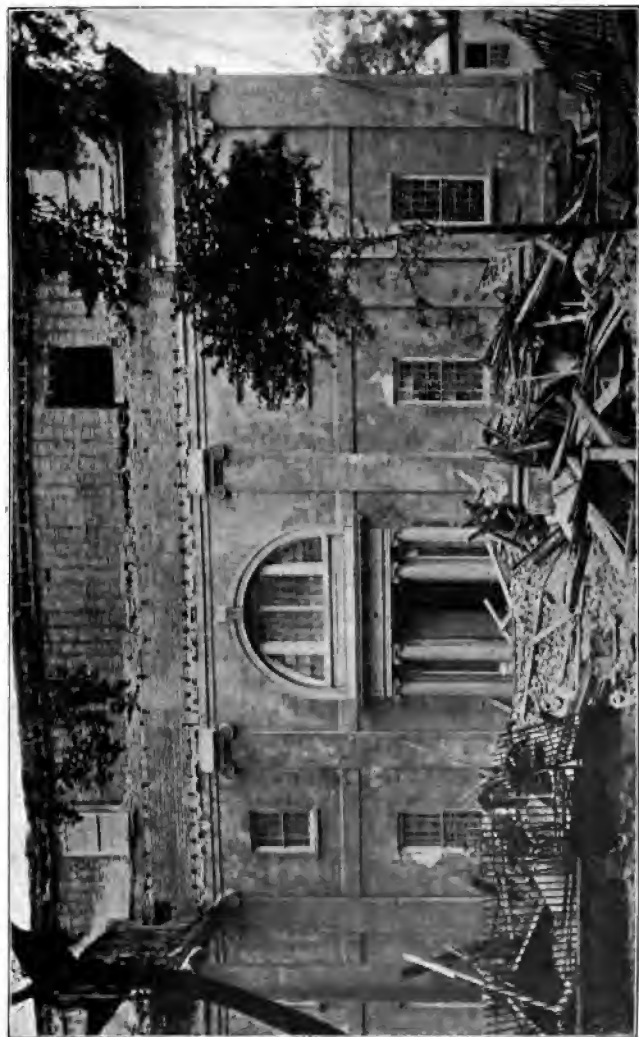
An attempt was made in July, 1864, by a party coming in barges from Morris Island, to capture Johnson. The attack was easily repelled by the infantry and artillery, and many of the attacking party with their boats were captured by the Confederates. No other serious demonstration was made against the fort by the Federals, but had they been successful at

SECESSIONVILLE,

Fort Johnson might have fared differently. Secessionville is on James Island, southwest from Fort Johnson, and there, on the 16th of June, 1862, was a sharp land engagement between Confederates and Federals. The action was well sustained on both sides, but after several hours' hard fighting the Federals were defeated, and withdrew from the island entirely. This movement was probably intended as the precursor of an advance by land upon Charleston and to the rear of the harbor defences, and with its success the story of Sir Henry Clinton might in some respects have been repeated.

MORRIS ISLAND.

Farther to sea beyond Fort Johnson is Cumming's Point, the



MEDICAL COLLEGE (AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE).

northern end of Morris Island. This flat spit of sand extending into the ocean is indeed classic ground. Here was erected the first iron-clad fortification ever used in active warfare, called the Stevens' Battery. It was hotly engaged in the bombardment of Fort Sumter by the Confederates, and the perfect protection afforded by its metal casemates against the heavy shot of Sumter—less than a mile away—determined the adaptation of the method to ships of war. It was adopted in the construction of the ironclad *Virginia*, and one of the results of her conflict with the *Monitor* in Hampton Roads was a complete revolution in naval warfare.

Upon Cumming's Point, too, was afterwards erected

BATTERY GREGG,

which had so large a share in the defence of Morris Island, the several attacks upon Sumter, and the long siege of Wagner. It sustained frequent and heavy bombardments from the Federal fleet, and was twice assaulted by strong forces in barges (August and September, 1863), but it repulsed both attacks with loss to the assailants, and was held until the evacuation of Wagner.

Nearly a mile to the south of Gregg, on the same island, was situated

FORT WAGNER,

whose siege of fifty-six days, from July to September, 1863, for resolution and persistence in attack, and for endurance and obstinacy in defence, *has never been surpassed, if ever equaled, in ancient or modern times.*

Shortly after the occupation of Sumter by Major Anderson, in December, 1860, a battery mounting two guns was built very near what was afterward the site of Wagner.

On the 9th of January, 1861, the

STEAMER "STAR OF THE WEST,"

attempting to enter the harbor with supplies for the garrison of Sumter, was compelled by shots from this battery to put to sea again. Here, therefore, more than three months before the firing on Sumter, was fired the first shot of the war.

On the 10th of July, 1863, the Federal troops, under cover of a heavy fire from land batteries and from the fleet, crossed from Folly Island, drove off the small Confederate force, and established themselves on the South end of Morris Island, about three miles from Fort Wagner. The descent was admirably managed. The Federals had occupied Folly, the first island south of Morris, and separated from it only by a narrow inlet, for some time unknown to the Confederates; and so perfect was their discipline that the latter were allowed to wreck the blockade runner *Ruby*, ashore in Lighthouse Inlet, within a quarter of a mile of the Federals' concealed position, without anything being done to betray the presence of troops and ten strong batteries making ready for the crossing to Morris Island.

The day after the crossing, Wagner was assaulted by a large force, which was repulsed with heavy loss after a hard fight. On the 18th of July the assault was renewed. It was preceded in this instance by a terrific bombardment from land batteries mounting thirty-six pieces of heavy calibre, aided by a fleet of eleven ships, six of which were iron-clad. For eight long hours they rained a storm of shot and shell upon the fort, 9,000 missiles being thrown, and then the troops sprang to the attack; but it was useless—they were again hurled back, in spite of their most gallant efforts, beaten with fearful loss; and it was seen that Wagner could not be taken by assault.

In these assaults the garrison of Wagner was greatly assisted by

the fire of Fort Sumter, Battery Gregg, and the works on James Island, which, though at long range, was very effective. The siege now began, and for nearly two months the toilsome approaches slowly advanced—the price for every foot gained and lost being paid in blood—until in September the trenches reached the moat of the fort. During the whole of the advance by sap the fort was subjected to the heaviest of cannonades from battery and fleet by day and night. On the 5th of September there were thrown into the fort by the land batteries alone nearly 15,000 projectiles. Wagner was no longer tenable; the gallant defence had given time for the completion of an interior line of strong works for the protection of Charleston; the Federal column, ready to assault on the following day, was not fifty yards off, and on the night of September 7, 1863, the garrisons were quietly withdrawn from it and from Battery Gregg, and Morris Island was abandoned.

The troops were removed in barges, and so skilfully was the evacuation conducted that the movement was not discovered by the Federal forces, though they were within a stone's-throw. Two of the barges were captured by the picket boats of the fleet.

Nothing is left to mark the spots where Gregg and Wagner stood. The requiem of those who there fought and died so bravely is chanted only by the sad sea waves, which have obliterated all signs of former conflict, and at Wagner have made a breach across the island, dividing it in two.

On the marsh, a short distance to the north of Wagner, was erected, while the siege was progressing, the famous

“SWAMP ANGEL,”

and other batteries, from which the city was shelled. The first shell was thrown into Charleston on the 22d of August, 1863. The “Swamp Angel” gun is said to have burst after a few discharges.

These batteries were a triumph of engineering skill and labor, the obstacles overcome in their building being seemingly insuperable. To them were added, after the evacuation of Battery Gregg by the Confederates, others at Cumming's Point, mounting guns of 200 and 300 pounds calibre. From these a slow and steady shelling of the city was kept up for nearly twenty months, with but little interval, until the evacuation in February, 1865.

A shelling so severe and prolonged caused of course, much loss of life and great damage to property, and for nearly a year before the evacuation of the city, its lower or southern part was in great measure deserted.

There were many other actions, both naval and military, of greater or less importance in the neighborhood of Charleston, accounts of which can hardly be compressed into an article of this character. For them a more comprehensive history must be sought. Nor will its limits admit of a description of resorts and places of interest in and near the city. It may, however, be permitted to mention among others the

ORPHAN HOUSE,

that ancient and admirable charity, whose handsome buildings and excellent management have attracted so much deserved admiration.

THE CITADEL ACADEMY,

the West Point of South Carolina;

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS;

MAGNOLIA CEMETERY,

the beautiful resting-place of the dead;

MAGNOLIA-ON-THE-ASHLEY,

in the early spring a veritable forest of azaleas and camellias.



GOOSE CREEK CHURCH, NEAR OTRANTO, ON ATLANTIC COAST LINE
(AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE).

The old church of

ST. ANDREW,

now easily accessible by the handsome new bridge across the Ashley, and though last, not least, the old colonial church of

ST. JAMES, GOOSE CREEK,


near Otranto, on the Atlantic Coast Line, fifteen miles from the city. The building is kept in very good condition, and services are held in it regularly. Over the chancel, above the high old pulpit with its quaint old sounding-board, still stand the royal arms of Great Britain. Upon the walls are hatchments and tablets of those long passed away, some of whom lie in the little graveyard outside. Near the church may be seen a dilapidated building, once the parsonage, and the place where "Mad Archy Campbell," one of the British garrison of Charleston, with pistol in hand, compelled the frightened pastor to marry him to his unwilling sweetheart. The story is graphically told in Gilmore Simms' "Katherine Ashton."

The parish of St. James, Goose Creek, in common with other parishes of the seaboard counties, was formerly entitled to representation in the State legislature, and once in replying to the remarks of its member, a senator from one of the western counties—districts they were then called—who was not well posted in the parish system or names, said that he "did not understand the allusion of the gentleman from St. Goose."

To advise one to see Charleston's

BATTERY,

which is a battery only in name, is hardly necessary. "*Cela va sans dire*," a sentence that in this connection may perhaps be freely translated to mean: "One goes there without being told."



ADDENDA.

THE EARTHQUAKE.

Since our sketch of Charleston was prepared for the press, that city has been visited by a calamity so dreadful in its effects, that its former ills and sufferings, many and great though they have been, seem, in comparison, to be almost nothing. To a city that had twice endured the terrors of siege; that had been devastated by fire, scourged by pestilence, and but little more than a year ago swept by the fury of a cyclone, it remained to experience the unspeakable horror and almost utter destruction of that most awful of all calamities, *an earthquake*.

About ten o'clock on the night of August 31, 1886, was felt in Charleston the first of a series of shocks of earthquake, by which parts of that fair city were laid in ruins, many of its citizens killed or maimed, and property destroyed or damaged to an extent that can hardly be appreciated except by those who saw for themselves. It is said that in a few seconds the casualties resulting to life and limb exceeded in number those caused in the city proper by its shelling during the entire siege of the late war, while the value of the property destroyed will not fall short of six millions of dollars. It came without warning of any kind—one of the dread features of this fearful visitation—to the city resting in fancied security in the quiet of night, accompanied by a mighty roar, the growl as it were of some resistless, relentless demon, and in an instant almost the work of ruin was done. The people seemed to realize intuitively what



SCENE ON VENDUE RANGE (AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE).

was upon them and, as if by instinct, rushed to the streets and open spaces for safety. Even there many were crushed by falling walls and timbers. Such a sight as met the view of the panic-stricken inhabitants as they came from their houses may be seen—it cannot be described. Everywhere buildings were crumbling to the ground; walls and chimneys were toppling and falling; the earth in many places was rent in small fissures, from which sand and water were thrown; people were flying in all directions; on all sides could be heard the groans of the wounded, the cries and wailing of women and children, the shrieks and prayers of terrified negroes, while above all there arose the horrid roar of the earthquake, as with repeated shocks it came to complete its work of destruction. That nothing might be wanting to this night of horrors, fires broke out in many places, adding their lurid glare to the scenes of ruin and despair. Lamps had been overturned and broken in the deserted houses, and the oil from them bursting into flames had fired the city. The buildings in which the fire apparatus was kept had suffered with the rest, and in spite of their utmost efforts it was long before the brave men of the fire department could make their machines available; but to their eternal praise and that of the equally brave and devoted volunteers who rendered such efficient assistance, some of the engines were finally got to work, and notwithstanding the confusion of the surroundings and a short supply of water, the fires were at last subdued.

From the night of the 31st of August up to the time of this writing (October 1st), shocks of earthquake of greater or less violence have been felt at intervals in Charleston and its vicinity, but nearly all the ruin was wrought on that fatal first night. The shocks were plainly perceptible in many other parts of the country, but their destructive effects were confined almost entirely to Charleston, the neighboring town of Summerville, and to the country adjacent to both.



SCENE ON EAST BAY (AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE).

For a time all communication with the city was cut off, and this added greatly to the distress of the situation. All the railroads were badly wrecked, telegraph wires were down far and near, and access could be had by water only.


The men of Charleston, schooled to adversity and endurance, were not found wanting in this their hour of supreme trial. Rallying from the first stunning blow they addressed themselves to the herculean and seemingly hopeless task before them. Returning to their ruined homes they extinguished many fires before help could be had from the fire department, women and children were taken to places of safety, temporary shelters were improvised, the dead were buried, and measures were at once adopted for the succor and relief of the wounded and needy.

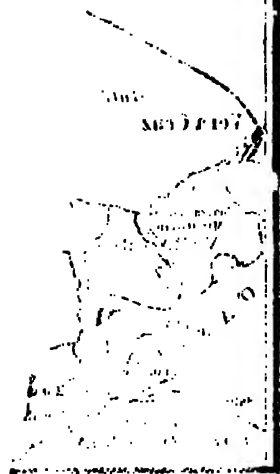
And to them, bravely struggling, the great heart of the American people went out in earnest and active sympathy. Aid in money and supplies was freely sent. Contributions, amounting already to over half a million of dollars, have been received, and the end is not yet. Nor can the assistance be greater than the need. All will be carefully and judiciously applied; but amid such widespread destruction there cannot fail to be cases of destitution and suffering in spite of the utmost efforts and most liberal offerings.

Of the places in the city described in our sketch all were more or less damaged. St. Philip's Church was almost a complete ruin; St. Michael's was greatly injured, both in the body of the building and in the spire, which latter it was feared would have to come down, but happily its much-traveled bells still hang in their accustomed place. All the public buildings were shattered to a greater or less extent; the beautiful Custom-House, the Post-Office, Chamber of Commerce, main Station House, City Hall, Court House, the churches of the city almost without exception, Medical College, Roper Hospital, Orphan House, Citadel Academy, and very many

others which our space does not admit of mentioning. Outside of the city the church of St. Andrews, and the quaint old colonial church of St. James, Goose Creek, did not escape the general ruin, but had many of their ancient points of interest obliterated or sadly marred. Neither the shipping nor places of note in the harbor were damaged materially.

The brave old city will survive this shock, too, though by far the severest blow to its prosperity and well-being it has ever received. The indomitable spirit and energy of its people will, in the future as in the past, maintain it in its accustomed rank among the cities of the world in spite of all obstacles, and Charleston will continue as heretofore, on account of its excellent harbor, beautiful location and historical interest to attract business men, pleasure seekers and students alike.





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